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State, Wednesday Aug 25	Columbia, Tuesday Aug 31
Oregon, Saturday Aug 28	State, Friday Sept 3
Columbia, Monday Aug 30	Oregon, Monday Sept 6
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GRANT IN PEACE.

Sherman Proof against the Wiles of the Deceitful Johnson.

The Latter's Desire to Disrupt the Friendship of the Two Great Military Commanders—His Efforts to that End

[Copyrighted by Gen Adam Badeau]

Johnson had been as violent as Stanton on his censures of Sherman's terms in North Carolina. Gen. Grant told me at the time that the president called Sherman a traitor in the presence of the cabinet, and he authorized the publication of the comments of Stanton, which called down on the great soldier the denunciations of the country he had helped to save But when it became desirable to make use of Sherman, Johnson could assume a different tone He resorted to every inducement of flattery, confidence and tempting advancement, and offered him in turn the command of the army, the brevet of general, and the position of secretary of war so that he might cope with, supplant or surpass Grant But Sherman was proof against all his wiles

Johnson's first attempt to pit the great commander against each other was in the matter of the mission to Mexico I have already told the story, but some points belong to my present theme The president desired Grant to send for Sherman, who was at St Louis, but he did not inform the general in chief of the order This, however, Grant suspected, and wrote to Sherman to come direct to his house There he told his friend of the plot of the administration to send him off out of the country and doubtless to put Sherman in his place in the interim Sherman at once waited on the president and protested against the scheme He represented the determination of Grant not to leave the country, the needlessness to send him and the danger of insisting Finally he offered himself to go to Mexico, and was substituted for Grant Beyond all doubt it was the earnestness of his urging, the cogency of his suggestions, and above all the discovery of his loyalty to Grant that changed the purpose of the president Sherman, however, like Grant at the outset was completely subordinate in his intercourse with the president, and strove to express no opinions offensive to his superior

INTIMATE RELATIONS

A year after these events the time came for Johnson to report his reasons for the suspension of Stanton. Sherman was then on duty at Washington as president of a board to revise the regulations of the army His relations with Grant were so intimate that they discussed in advance the conduct of Grant in case the senate should disapprove the action of the president. On the 14th of January, two days before the senate decided, Grant told Sherman that he would not retain the office of secretary of war after the disapproval of the senate and Sherman urged him to make known this intention promptly to the president. It was partly because of this urgency of Sherman that Grant went the same day to Johnson to announce his determination It was also Sherman who first suggested the name of Lew Cass as substitute, when Grant should give up the office, and Grant urged Sherman to repeat the suggestion to the president They were thus in complete accord Neither at the time nor since deemed it proper that Stanton should return to his office

But Stanton resumed his office and his first act was to send a message to Grant that the secretary of war desired to see him In the stupefied Grant to leave his own office at the opposite side of the street to wait on his superior It was, to say the least, an act of discourtesy, if not insulting that Grant was unlike secretly to the man who had treated him with so much delicacy a few months before, when their positions were reversed Grant quietly went to Stanton's home and told him in answer that he would do, and afterward sent him a formal and highly complimentary letter before he entered upon his functions Grant now dislikes extremely the behavior of Stanton, and ranks it to Sherman, as well as to his own confidential officers.

INTERVIEW WITH JOHNSON

The same day Grant and Sherman went together to the president There had already appeared in the journal which served as Johnson's mouthpiece accusations of Grant's want of faith, and he was loath to enter the executive presence, but he put under foot all personal considerations The position of Stanton was discussed, and it was suggested that Grant should advise him to resign The president must insist that Stanton's orders were not valid while he held office against the will of the head of the state, and Grant replied that if the president wished him to disobey Stanton, he should give a written order to that effect This order Johnson did not give He washed Grant to take the responsibility of disobeying, but was himself unwilling to take the responsibility of directing the disobedience

Grant and Sherman now held frequent conferences, neither taking any step without the concurrence of the other Sherman like Grant, subordinated all personal feeling at this juncture to public interests He forgot any remains of resentment he may have retained toward Stanton, and offered to go to him with Grant to discuss the situation but for some reason the interview did not occur Grant, however visited Stanton, intending to recommend him to resign, but he soon perceived that the advice would be useless and consulted the man not to offer it

Meanwhile the controversy between Grant and the president was approaching a culmination Twice Grant received important orders from Stanton requiring immediate action and inclosing communications from the treasury that recognized Stanton as secretary of war, and yet the president had certainly instructed him to disregard Stanton's authority On the 24th of January Grant formally reported that the president would not put the two war bal directions This was it did not was placed in a very

EMBARRASSING SITUATION

It was the old device—to make some one else do the unauthorized work and take the responsibility by which Johnson was to profit without burning his fingers At the same time the machinations of friends had faith were continued Finally, on the 31st of January, Grant renewed his request for written instructions I desire Stanton, and in the same letter take great pleasure in the assertion of my conviction of his purpose to remain in office at the earnest request of the nation

The effort to put Sherman in the position of Secretary of War Six days Sherman was offered the position of Secretary of war Six days he declined it, and he could not use Grant, the crafty politician turned to the next in command and on the 31st of January Sherman had a long interview with Johnson, in which the president proposed either to put Stanton out by force of action to him legally by submitting Sherman's name to the senate as secretary of war But both these measures Sherman resisted He wrote on the 31st an elaborate letter [illegible] full of wisdom, patriotism and good counsel which he gave [illegible] Grant finally [illegible] said "I [illegible] Washington will be three [illegible] and I shall [illegible] if we are [illegible] would [illegible] or two [illegible] emphatic [illegible] The [illegible] labors [illegible] to [illegible] entered [illegible] shattered [illegible] said the war [illegible] Sherman [illegible] Johnson [illegible]

[illegible] On the 1st of January the last letter [illegible] Sherman the position of secretary [illegible] son sent a letter [illegible] tail and ratifying all the [illegible] erto been [illegible] February [illegible] Johnson's [illegible] outright with [illegible] ter before the [illegible] sued an order [illegible] ington, but with [illegible] of two resolutions [illegible] however, the order was [illegible] was directed to assume [illegible] tary division created for the [illegible] headquarters at Washington [illegible] him of this by telegram and Sherman replied "Were I prepared [illegible] the spot, as it requires no forecast to see such must be the inevitable result in the end

Johnson now sent to the senate the nomination of Sherman for the brevet of general, which would enable the president to place him in the army instead of Grant, but Sherman instantly telegraphed to his brother in the senate to oppose the confirmation The same day he wrote a second letter to the president, which he forwarded through Grant. To Grant himself he said: "I never felt so troubled in my life. Were I an order to go to Sitka, to the devil, to battle with rebels or Indians, I think you would not hear a whimper from me My thoughts were of resigning, and I had made up my mind to ask Dodge for some place on the Pacific railroad, and then again various colleges ran through my memory, but hard times and an expensive family have brought me back. If I was certain that you would accept the nomination of president in May I would try and kill the intervening time, but I do not want you to reveal your plans till you choose to do so."

SHERMAN'S CONDUCT

It was hard to drive Sherman out of the army or compel him to oppose his friend—to force these men into such positions, who had done what they had for the country—all for the sake of enabling Johnson to triumph over the will of the people who had been in the war too, who was only by chance, or assassination, in his place The strain between Grant and Sherman was terrible the feeling pitiable

Sherman's letter to the President was, as emphatic as that to Grant He declared "If I could see my way clear to maintain my family I would not hesitate a moment to resign my present commission and seek business wherein I could be free from these unhappy complications all at once to be closing about me" He implored a revocation of the order, and continued "By being placed in Washington I will be universally construed as a noose to the general in chief, a position damaging to me in the highest degree Our relations have always been most confidential and friendly, and of unhappily any cloud of difference should arise between us, my sense of personal dignity and duty would leave me no alternative but resignation I shall proceed to arrange for it as rapidly as possible, so that when the time does come, as it surely will if this plan is carried into effect, I may act promptly" He ended by pronouncing the blow one of the hardest I have sustained in a life somewhat checkered by adversity"

The feeling and conduct of Sherman at this crisis can not be fully appreciated without remembering that he did not approve the course of congress in many respects, and would certainly have preferred a more lenient policy toward the South But questions like these were now far in the background, and the decrees of Johnson were such as Sherman never could have indorsed There were indeed many honorable and loyal men who believed that the course originally indicated by the president would have been more fruitful of good to the country and at this distance of time it seems as if the plan in which congress might have acted with greater wisdom but the crooked acts and relations and combinations of the obstinate, cunning unscrupulous man at the head of the government could recommend themselves neither to patriots nor men of honor at the North or South, democrats or republicans They cost the country dear The shot of Booth did more harm to the South than to the illustrious martyr who received it, or to the unhappy maniac by whose hand Lincoln fell

GRANT ALSO TORTURED

Grant as well as Sherman was tortured by the petty craft of him whom fate had thrust into a position where he could transmute even greater natures than his own Grant now appealed to Sherman to write out his recollections of the interview at which he had been present, with the president, to counteract since the assertions of Johnson's cabinet ministers On the 16th of February again, Grant wrote to his friend, calling for his support in the attacks upon his honor

Your letter to the president will be [illegible] as by telegram to-day last night I had been [illegible] time has not yet come to stand It may come to-day The time has [illegible] I have been [illegible] satisfied that I have [illegible] any expression of opinion The [illegible] of [illegible] Sherman has not been published [illegible] understood to be the [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] You [illegible] Mr [illegible] [illegible] press [illegible] surprise at your [illegible] saying [illegible] hope I was understood between you [illegible] but that you did not seem to desire [illegible] I regretted [illegible] after the [illegible] other with whom have written [illegible] own will [illegible] I thought a letter to [illegible] [illegible] out [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] station of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] well [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] from the fact that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

FRESH FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A Picture of a Persian Lady in her Wedding Robes.

The Prince and Princess of Wales—Death of Milan—Mme Wagner—Brandy in Cape Town—Salvation Army

London Society gives us this picture of a Persian lady when arrayed in her wedding robes. Although the bride was very young, alas was no stranger to her pretty face, as she had a number of tiny tails, the ends of which peeped forth from under the chaddor folded white linen she wore on her head. Nothing can exceed the ugliness of the headgear. It is merely a square piece of muslin or cotton folded corner-wise and tightly fastened with a pin or tiny brooch under the chin, with two ends hanging down the back and the remaining two falling over the shoulders. Over this again is worn the house veil, which envelopes the whole figure, it is a large square or rounded piece of muslin or gauze, trimmed chintz, and is not fastened on, but is kept in its place by the arms. Her voluminous skirt was of white and York-striped satin, and somely trimmed with gold lace, and reached only half way to the knee the legs were seen. Often as many as twenty yards of silk or satin are employed for these skirts, which are gathered into a band at the waist, and are sometimes four or five petticoats very much stiffened. The more a skirt stands out the more fashionable it is. The bodice is a loose sort of a jacket of satin, or velvet trimmed with gold lace, and does not quite long enough to terminate in a pointed cuff and the back, reaching nearly to the elbow. It is worn over a calico or linen shirt. Although fashions never change in the East as they do in the West, yet they differ to a great extent in cost, and afford a scope for the peculiar taste or fancy of the wearer.

A highly flattering portrait of the Prince of Wales is on the way. The kindly artist has given him a suggestion of hair where in reality there is none, and the utmost ugly protuberance of his royal highness' eyes has been considerably reduced. Altogether a very beautiful result may be expected by the public, and those who are more familiar with the heir apparent in the flesh are likely to be much impressed with his fine character as depicted on cardboard Photographers when "touching up" the portraits of princes have to pursue a precisely different course to that demanded by likenesses of princess, says *London Society*. In the case the figure has to be artistically toned down, as the less stomach that appears in the picture pleased is the royal highness. In the latter case fullness has to be invariably imparted to the face and figure by a judicious use of the pencil. The princess's bust and features are far from being so rounded as her photographs show them to be. A charge, we see, is made against the princess of Wales of allowing to preserve her youthful appearance, but feeling can be more unwarranted. Her royal highness is not so foolish. Beyond the use of a little powder, as nearly every woman does and occasionally, a milky wash for the skin, she is indifferent to all those "secrets" of the toilet that are supposed to heighten the beauty of the complexion. If she is a trifle extravagant in the matter of special corsets, it is because they are recommended by her figure, and it is to their invisible fit of her dresses is to an extent due. The princess is one of those people who have an amount of good feeding will render plump.

It is not a pleasant picture which a correspondent of Vienna. All the monsters physical I have ever seen together throughout my whole life would not compare with the specimens of humanity as seen in the streets of Milan during the last three months. I could not go into any of the public gardens, traverse one of the principal streets, enter one of the churches, sit in a theatre without finding myself confronted with one or two hunchbacks. It is, in fact, a veritable city of Quasimodos. Add to these horrors the stunted and chimney-pot hatted dwarfs scarcely four feet high, brushing pompously past you, and mingling with women, young and old, all lower in stature, waddling along the pavements, and you have a picture of regular and irregular sizes and deformities, and you might well ask yourself in wonder if I asked my artist friend, how comes it that you find such an inordinate amount of deformity in a country where the rudest clodhopper has soul and passion for beauty, whether it be in flesh and blood or on canvas? The answer was brief and to the point: "These deformities are hereditary. Generations are well known to be scrupulous in their habits (as a rule) for many a generation; and that they often intermarry within the forbidden degrees of kindred."

After the death of her husband Mme. Cosima Wagner lived, it is said, for a whole year in strict seclusion even from her nearest relatives and friends, devoted to the memory of her husband. During this time she abstained from meat and only lived on vegetables, fruit and bread, which were served to her in her private rooms. After the lapse of the mourning year Mme Wagner again joined her family circle without, however, mixing in society. She took the beginning of the preparations for the representations of "Tristan and Isolde" but Mme Wagner came again into contact with the outside world. In all the matters connected with the performance of her husband's works she takes an incredible energy and an untiring zeal. The rehearsals over, she works out the minor as and hints to the artists about the interpretation of certain passages, or even the expression of certain notes. In the morning the bell rings at 8 o'clock in the house, and at half-past 9 o'clock her ruled figure is seen wending its way through the quiet, drowsy streets of Bayreuth to Wahnfried," her residence, where she returns and takes her breakfast. After which she drives back to the theater, where she remains all her other meals, receives visitors, and sleeps in rooms expressly fitted up for her.

The Lady Florence of Italy in full splendor is the latest feat of the costumer. Last evening she performed in "Semiramide" at the Lyceum, and the town has been left in full possession. Her little sensation was a gown of white and pale gold, in the form of a Roman basket trick. The lady was in the midst of the ruins of Babylon, and of course, of course, of course,

The Oregonian.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, SEPT. 12, 1886.

SOME FIGURES.

It is necessary only to look about to see that times are looking up in Portland. Spread of business in many directions from the old centers, steady progress of building operations, extension of streets north, south and west, activity along the river front and at the railroad depots—these are the conspicuous superficial signs of a growth that is healthful, substantial and permanent. This has been the way of Portland's growth always. Our city, like an oak founded in enduring soil, expands slowly, sound in body and sound in branch.

There is no general agency of statistics here and it is not possible to obtain such complete data of the business development and status as might be desired, but those compiled by officers of the board of trade, the best mercantile agency and the customs and postal offices, we have been able to collect a few figures which illustrate in a definite way the general facts set forth above. In 1883, the "boom year," there were in Portland fourteen business-houses each credited with a capital of $1,000,000 and upwards, and rated in the mercantile reports under the head of "credit unlimited." At this time there are twenty-one houses of this class. In 1883 the aggregate capital of business houses employing $10,000 and upwards was (in round numbers) $50,000,000. At this time it is $97,000,000. This represents the wholesale capital of the city. The aggregates are not quite fair, because in all cases the lowest ratings are taken; but the proportions are absolutely accurate. It should be understood that neither the great corporations nor the banking capital of the city is included in this statement.

The tonnage movement of the Oregon Railway & Navigation company for the year ending June 30 was 249,993 tons greater than for the previous year. In 1883, the "boom year," this company forwarded 195,588 tons of freight, and received 321,157 tons. It should be understood that these figures include vast quantities of railroad construction material for the Northern Pacific. For the year ending June 30, 1885, the tons forwarded aggregated 190,012, and the tons received aggregated 281,835. For the year ending June 30, 1886, the figures were: Tons forwarded, 280,604; tons received, 441,975.

The available statistics of the Oregon & California road are meagre, and we have none at all from the Oregon Pacific or from the Oregonian railway. In the year ending June 30, 1885, the Oregon & California company forwarded 171,120 tons. In the year ending June 30, 1886, in spite of the competition of the new Oregon Pacific, the same company forwarded 182,000 tons.

The real estate transfers in the city of Portland for the year ending July 30, 1885, aggregated in value $1,430,174. In the year ending July 30 of this current year, the transfers footed up $1,605,845. The net income of the Portland postoffice for the fiscal year ending in 1885 was $45,862 95. For the fiscal year ending in 1886 the net income was $47,529 98. Our total exports for the season of 1883 were $12,906,493; for 1885 $12,566,883; for 1886 (to date) $16,513,022. In 1885 there were built in the city of Portland (not including East Portland) 109 houses, at a cost of $516,147. The number of houses built and contracted for the current year are 197in number, cost $856,688.

These statistics are not at all systematic. They are not so much what we wanted as what we could get. But they are sufficiently general to illustrate a condition of affairs in Portland entirely satisfactory and prosperous. Possibly certain newspapers at Puget Sound and elsewhere, which are so fearful that Portland is falling into decay, will be honest and decent enough to retract this statement.

THE REASON WHY.

Watterson, writing to the Louisville *Courier-Journal* from Europe, among other thing, says:

The radical difference between the social organisms of Europe and America and the striking contrasts which mark the two opposing systems of life, with respect to ways of thinking and standards of conduct, could not be more vividly portrayed than they are in the career of Liszt. His was not a mere profession and artistic success. Socially, the door was nowhere closed against him. The most famous and virtuous women in France and Germany were at all times glad to receive him. The bar sinister worked no exclusion against his daughters. That straight-laced and matter-of-fact old dame, the queen of England, sent a magnificent crown of flowers to be placed on his coffin, and out from the windows of chaste homes along its route to the grave poor and honest people, quite above the affectation of sorrow and the vanity of display, hung festoons and rosettes of white and black crape. This could not have happened in the United States to any artist or man of letters, no matter how eminent, who had for years lived in a state of flagrant and confessed outlawry, and who had brought into the world illegitimate children, of whom he was parentally tender and of whom he was shamelessly proud.

The real reason why Europe treats with comparative tenderness men of scandalous lives is because the aristocracy set the example of dissolute contempt for the decencies of life and the sanctity of the marriage relation. The mistress of Liszt was a member of the aristocracy, the Countess d'Agoult, and his daughter by this woman imitated her mother by deserting her husband, Von Bulow, for Wagner. The social laxity with which Liszt was treated was extended to Alfieri, Thorwaldsen and Goethe for the same reason; not because they were artists, but because they mingled in aristocratic circles and had the benefit of that loose code of social morals that has sat so lightly on the neck of the aristocracy in every country, in every clime and every time.

The great middle classes of England, France and Germany are people of pure social morals, but the vicious top of aristocratic society taints the whole fabric and relaxes the natural severity of popular judgment. Given an aristocratic class, lazy in numbers, with plenty of money, and laws are likely to become silent or relaxed, because the oligarchy of birth, wealth and place is likely to enact such laws as from the top to the bottom of the state. No aristocratic privileged class in Europe can dodge the fate of the wealthy man-worth in America, who on a visit are the class, because they find out that their wealth is a power, and who then and there set sober people; they claim as a corollary a convivial liberty that would be vulgar license with lower people.

No person need doubt that wherever you find an aristocracy planting itself as superior in political privileges and consequence, you will find loose social morals and low standards of action. It is inevitable that the same artificial equities and arrogance which uses and abuses political prerogatives will abuse the laws of social decency and claim a clemency for the sins of the top of society that will tarnish it completely to the bottom. The other day in England died Lord Lennox, brother of the Duke of Richmond. He was descended from Charles II and his French mistress, Louise de Querouaille, sent him as a present by Louis XIV. The ducal houses of Marlborough, St. Albans and Grafton are all descended from the illegitimate scions of royalty, who are as proud to-day of their bar sinister as Shakespeare makes the bastard Faulconbridge when his mother tells him King Richard Lion Heart was his father.

The habit to make much of royal bastards is historical. Don John of Austria, the vicar of Lepanto, and Margaret of Parma, the regent of the Netherlands, were recognized by the Emperor Charles the V as his children; the celebrated soldier, the duke of Berwick, was the illegitimate son of James the II, Marshal Saxe was the illegitimate son of Augustus, king of Poland; the great soldiers, Prince Eugene and Luxemburg were illegitimate scions of the royal nobility of France, and the habit to make little of the vices of the aristocracy is not yet outworn in Europe. From 1791 to 1811, the duke of Clarence, afterwards William the IV, had as his mistress the celebrated Mrs. Jordan, who bore him five sons and five daughters. Of his five sons the eldest was created Earl of Munster and made a major general in the English army. The second was made a lieutenant-general in the army; the third was made a rear admiral in the British army; the fourth was chamberlain to his first cousin, Queen Victoria, The five daughters are all married into the aristocracy. Among them are Lady Mary Fox and the Countess of Erroll. The Duke of York, brother of George the Fourth and William the Fourth, had a Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke as a mistress, who sold promotions in the army, pensions, etc., to a great extent, and the duke was arraigned before parliament for sharing in the proceeds of this corruption, but was acquitted by a vote of 196 to 278. In modern times Napoleon the III. officially recognized and ennobled the illegitimate children of Napoleon the Great and his family. No wonder, when the social top of Europe makes it possible for the bastard of a noble family to enter where an educated, upright and accomplished person, born within lawful wedlock to an honorable merchant, lawyer, doctor or man of letters would not be received from his lack of patrician blood, to wonder we say under these circumstances that public opinion in Europe treats lapses from domestic virtue with a tenderness unknown to America. The social top sets the example of moral relaxation and their loose social morals taints the whole fabric of public opinion. The average middle-class citizen is quite often Lord Lonsdale, Lord Cairns, Marquis Hastings, Lord St. Leonards and that tribe of bummers, roues and spendthrift heroes of the police court and the race course, and Lady Lonsdale is not the only notorious noble lady since the days of Lady Jersey and the Marchioness of Conyngham. The favor of the prince regent made Lady Jersey a social queen; the recognition of any worthless woman, like Lady Lonsdale, by the Prince of Wales would open every door of the nobility to her to-morrow. The vices of aristocrats in Europe set the standard of social morals below those of America.

H.

POPE'S CAMPAIGN.

Pope's campaign that ended September 1, 1862, cost the country probably some 15,000 men. The popular impression is that Pope was an indifferent soldier. As a matter of fact, he was possessed of the leading military virtues of courage, vigor, energy and resolution; he made no serious mistake save in forcing battle with Lee August 30, 1862, instead of retreating behind Bull Run and awaiting battle. Up to the battle of August 30, 1862, at Bull Run, Pope had inflicted as much damage as he received; his army had fought with great gallantry and obstinacy and success, but Pope attacked Lee August 30 believing that he had nothing but Jackson, with slight reinforcements, in his front, when really he was assaulting Lee's whole army. Lee allowed Pope to mass two-thirds of his army and attack Jackson, knowing that this movement would bring his columns under the flanking fire of Longstreet's batteries, who with 25,000 men pounded Pope's columns to powder. Pope, in his *Century* article on the second Bull Run, insists that McClellan, if forced to retreat, should have withdrawn "in the direction of Hanover court house," and in no event farther south than the White House on the Pamunkey, whereas the actual change of base to Harrison's Landing left the entire force of the enemy between Pope's army and McClellan's, and Pope says that he himself had been "assigned to a duty in the nature of a forlorn hope," but claims that by his "constant movement, incessant watchfulness, and hazardous skirmishes and battles" Lee was "embarrassed and delayed in his advance until the army of Gen. McClellan was at length assembled for the defense of Washington."

This is a just statement, with the qualification that Pope misconceived the situation August 30, at second Bull Run, and attacked when he ought to have retreated and awaited attack. Pope had a most gallant army, that could not have been beaten had he not thrown his whole force in pursuit August 30, and left his line of retreat open to attack. Gen. McDowell's military common sense, courage and self-reliance Pope on this day from complete destruction. McDowell stationed Gen. Gibbon with his brigade on Henry House hill, and he held it against all assaults until two hours after dark. It was a severe defeat, but it was nothing like a rout, which was due to the excellent dispositions of Gen. McDowell and the darkness. The responsibility for this defeat has been variously charged to McClellan, Porter and Halleck. While the seven days' battles were in progress Pope vainly urged that McClellan should preserve his communications on the Pamunkey and fall back on White House, instead of going to the James and put the enemy between his army and that of Pope, so that Lee could cuff the sum of either at his will without any danger of a return blow. That is, McClellan suffered Lee to thrust himself between Pope and McClellan, when McClellan, by withdrawing to his base on the Pamunkey, could have made it impossible. McClellan arrived on the Chickahominy May 24, 1862. On May 27 Porter reached Hanover Courthouse, but twenty or thirty miles from McDowell, advancing from Fredericksburg. But Jackson on the 23d, 24th and 25th struck Banks in the valley and sent him flying across the Potomac. McDowell was recalled to repulse Jackson. Then Jackson hurried back to Lee and turned McClellan's right flank and forced him to retreat to his gunboats on the James river, where he arrived July 2 1862. Then Lee seized his opportunity and as early as July 13 sent Jackson and Hill, with 25,000 men, against Pope, and August 13, seeing that McClellan was at out to leave the Peninsula, rushed his whole army of 55,000 men on Pope who had but 55,000 men. Lee had an army officered by able soldiers; Pope had an army that included such incompetents or insubordinates as Banks, Milroy, Sigel, King, Sumner and Schenck; but he had a number of fine officers, McDowell, Gibbon, Tower, Ricketts, Williams, Augur and Buford. Pope retreated behind the Rappahannock by August 25. He was reinforced by Burnside, Porter, Reno, Heintzelman, Reno and Stevens to the amount of 25,000 men. Jackson's famous movement through Thoroughfare Gap on Manassas Junction was absurd and he only escaped destruction by one of the happy chances of war, which saved him for a attack on the 30th, and instead of the 30th, when Lee and Longstreet came into contact with Pope. Pope was slow to understand the situation August 30, at second Bull Run, and attacked when he ought to have retreated and awaited attack. Pope had a most gallant army, that could not have been beaten had he not thrown his whole force in pursuit August 30, and left his line of retreat open to attack. Gen. McDowell's military common sense, courage and self-reliance Pope on this day from complete destruction. McDowell stationed Gen. Gibbon with his brigade on Henry House hill, and he held it against all assaults until two hours after dark. It was a severe defeat, but it was nothing like a rout, which was due to the excellent dispositions of Gen. McDowell and the darkness. The responsibility for this defeat has been variously charged to McClellan, Porter and Halleck. While the seven days' battles were in progress Pope vainly urged that McClellan should preserve his communications on the Pamunkey and fall back on White House, instead of going to the James and put the enemy between his army and that of Pope, so that Lee could cuff the sum of either at his will without any danger of a return blow. That is, McClellan suffered Lee to thrust himself between Pope and McClellan, when McClellan, by withdrawing to his base on the Pamunkey, could have made it impossible. McClellan arrived on the Chickahominy May 24, 1862. On May 27 Porter reached Hanover Courthouse, but twenty or thirty miles from McDowell, advancing from Fredericksburg. But Jackson on the 23d, 24th and 25th struck Banks in the valley and sent him flying across the Potomac. McDowell was recalled to repulse Jackson. Then Jackson hurried back to Lee and turned McClellan's right flank and forced him to retreat to his gunboats on the James river, where he arrived July 2 1852

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The Oregonian.

U. S. SIGNAL SERVICE WEATHER REPORT.

PORTLAND, Sept. 11—5:42 P. M.

Place of Observation.	Bar. (Reduced to Sea Level.)	Change in last 24 hours.	Ther.	Direction of Wind.	Velocity of Wind in miles per hour.	State of Weather.	Rain fall in last 24 hours.
Portland	29.94	.01	70	NW.	10	Clear	.00
Roseburg	29.94	.01	80	NW.	10	Clear	.00
Salem	29.94	.01	80	Calm		Clear	.00
Albany	29.94	.02	78	W.	6	Clear	.00
Eugene City	29.94	.02	78	W.	6	Clear	.00
Fort Klamath	29.94	.01	70	W.	6	Clear	.00
Lakeview	29.96	.01	76	W.	6	Clear	.00
Pendleton	29.96	.01	76	Calm		Clear	.00
Dalles	29.96	.01	76	NE.	6	Clear	.00

Mean daily temperature, 65.0; maximum, 80; minimum, 50.
Mean daily barometer, 29.95; maximum, 29.96; minimum, 29.94.
Total rainfall, .00 inch.
Total excess of temperature since 1st day of month, 0.
Total deficiency of rainfall since 1st day of month, .00 inch.
Total excess of rainfall since 1st day of January, 1886, 3.67 inches.
Total deficiency of rainfall since 1st day of January, 1886, 3.67 inches.
Time ball dropped at 12 h. 0 m. 0 s. Portland mean time.
Time ball dropped at 12 h. 7 m. 30 s. Portland mean time.
Time ball dropped at 12 h. 0 m. 0 s. Seattle mean time.
Time ball dropped at 12 h. 7 m. 30 s. Seattle mean time.
Time ball dropped at 12 h. 0 m. 0 s. Victoria mean time.
Time ball dropped at 12 h. 7 m. 30 s. Victoria mean time.
Time ball dropped at 12 h. 0 m. 0 s. San Francisco mean time.
Time ball dropped at 12 h. 7 m. 30 s. San Francisco mean time

WHAT DOES IT MATTER.

ELLA WHEELER-WILCOX.

Wealth and glory, place and power,
What are they worth to me or you?
For the lease of life runs out in an hour,
And death stands ready to claim his due;
Sounding honors or heaps of gold,
What are they all when all is told?

A pain or a pleasure, a smile or a tear—
What does it matter which we claim?
For we step from the cradle into the bier,
And a careless world goes on the same.
Hours of gladness or hours of sorrow,
What does it matter to us to-morrow?

Truth of love, or vow of friend—
Tender caresses or cruel sneers—
What do they matter to us in the end?
For the brief day dies and the long night nears.
Passionate kisses or tears of gall,
The grave will open and cover them all.

Homeless vagrant, or honored guest,
Poor and humble, or rich and great,
All are racked with the world's unrest,
All must meet with the common fate.
Life from childhood till we are old,
What is it all when all is told?

A TEXAN CALLIOPE.

BY HOWARD SEELY, AUTHOR OF "A RANCHMAN'S STORIES," ETC.

[Written for The Sunday Oregonian.]

As Mr. Buckstone Blivins, editor and proprietor of the Brady *Bugle*, was occupied in removing the editorial ink from his large hands, preparatory to going to dinner, he noticed, with some satisfaction, a tall individual enter the "Blue Goose Saloon" opposite. There was nothing especially remarkable in this occurrence, considering the popularity of the locality. But Mr. Blivins recognized in the visitor his implacable foe, Aleck MacWhorter—the rival editor of the Menardville *Boomerang*. His mind reverted to a paragraph he had written that morning; the *Bugle* had just gone to press.

"If that fellow puts in as much time there as usual," soliloquized the journalist, as he wiped his hands on a roller-towel in the back office, "he may have an opportunity of reading what I have to say about him, before he leaves town."

Apparently gratified by this reflection, he put on his coat and left the office.

It appears that the editor of the *Boomerang* did, and had the satisfaction of learning, among other local brevities, certain facts in regard to "his elephantine enchantress." It being understood that a lady friend of great personal attractions, but decided *embonpoint*, was intended by this discourteous circumlocution, Mr. MacWhorter was naturally offended. So much so, in fact, that an hour later he took occasion to empty his revolver at his brother editor, as he was returning from dinner. The bullets did not take effect, and Mr. Blivens himself paid no attention to the assault beyond remarking in a later issue that "the proclivities avowed in the title of the gentleman's paper, apparently extended to his marksmanship." Mr. Blivins had narrowly escaped being shot *in the back*.

This retort brought matters to a crisis. A challenge was formally given and accepted. The weapons chosen were six-shooters; the distances ten paces; and the dueling ground a small, level spot on the bluffs that overlooked a deep ravine. Mr. James Wily, a gambler and saloon-keeper—one of Brady City's most influential citizens—accompanied his fellow-townsman to the place of meeting. With an appreciative eye he took in the advantages of the site, and commented thereon to his principal.

"The light is just right, Buck, and the chances of satisfaction almost dead certain," he remarked reassuringly to Mr. Blivins, who was bracing his nerves for the coming fray with a "pocket companion." "There ain't no reasonable excuse for one or the other of ye gettin' away from this yer bluff without bein' carried."

His principal, who was shivering slightly—possibly owing to the raw air of early morning—was about to interpose some remonstrance to Mr. Wily's pleasantry, when he became suddenly aware that his opponent and second had arrived upon the ground. He checked himself hastily. But the conviction of Mr. Wily's manner was so contagious that the other second—a certain popular and prosperous undertaker of Menardville—actually brightened under it, and as he permitted Mr. Wily a choice of pistols, could scarcely repress rubbing his hands with a business-like air.

The gentleman's elation was premature. I have it on the authority of Mr. Wily, that the meeting was in no sense satisfactory. Two shots were exchanged by the parties, but with no apparent damage to either. After which the hostile journalists shook hands and expressed themselves content with the result. Apparently the gentlemen's precision with the pen did not extend to the use of the pistol.

Mr. Wily, in great disgust, inserted a silver half dollar in the top of a willow twig, and taking his principal's pistol, sent the coin spinning over the bluffs at the regulation distance. Then turning cordially to the two Menardville representatives, he bowed and expressed himself as ready to give satisfaction to either party on the spot. There was a fine spirit of accommodation in Mr. Wily's manner that was appreciated. The challenge was not accepted. It was believed, however, that the honor of McCulloch county had been successfully maintained.

It was not long before the now amicable relations of the rival journalists were again disturbed by the intrusion of a disquieting sex. The fascinating Mrs. Rutherford, recently bereaved by the death of her husband, and forced to shift for herself, began to contribute the sweetness of her mezzo-soprano voice to the little choir of Parson Blackfoot's church, and to attract worshippers even from the outlying towns. Among the most frequent of these foreign votaries of Calliope was Mr. MacWhorter. The stout lady, before referred to, having lately transferred her affections to another admirer, the gentleman found himself adrift upon the sea of sentiment, and, in his extremity, was fain to steer by this new pole star of fascination.

With extravagant apostrophe and obscure allusion in the columns of his paper did Mr. MacWhorter testify the enthralling influence of the universal siren. Mr. Blivins, who had lent his angular person religiously to the task of blowing the organ ever since the lady's advent in the choir, was believed to object to this. But the regular spectacle of his stylish horse and buggy, hitched to the white palings in front of a small suburban cottage where Mrs. Rutherford was known to board, testified a more practical and demonstrative attachment. It was rumored that, on several occasions, awkward and unexpected meetings had taken place between the rival editors in the small boarding-house parlor, back of the little front gallery, and it was stated that it required all the tact of the clever hostess to prevent hostilities.

"I have just had such a fright, dear," said Mrs. Rutherford, one day, to the matronly and sympathetic Mrs. Macsinger.

"Buck laid for him this morning with my best silk parasol."

It was a beautiful night. The full moon—a silver buckler—was caught in the swaying fringes of the nodding pines. The light that slipped between their interlacing boughs fell full and clear upon a level plateau that bordered the ravine. Just here an ancient hemlock lifted a scarred and time-worn spire to the stars. Its branches, dead below but green above, rose soaring into sight, as if to prove the kindliness of the upper air. So still it was, that the tinkling footfall of a small rivulet, brawling below, was plainly heard, and the cling of its silver heels upon the rocks rose pleasantly on the quiet night.

The last dull fires of the crimson sunset burned still in the western sky. The moon, climbing steadily above the treetops, put these out slowly, and then began to lavish herself extravagantly upon the nearer prospect. She tipped with silver the venerable hemlock, and then stole softly along its rough and splintered shaft. She even lent a kindly picturesqueness to the figure of a man whom she surprised smoking beneath it, and, were it not for the blameless record of Diana, might have been suspected of flirtation from the wan caress she threw him from the shadow of the pine.

But the editor of the *Bugle* was intent upon sublunary things. He took no notice, therefore, of the kisses which the reckless goddess rained indiscriminately upon him, as he toiled up the ascent until he reached the moonlit plateau above. Here he took off his hat and mopped his heated brow with his handkerchief. Then he drew a fresh cigar from his pocket, lit it, and taking out his watch, attentively regarded its face. It was so light upon the plateau that the moon as well as Mr. Blivins, saw at once that it lacked only ten minutes of eight o'clock.

It was not long before the cause of the editor's indifference to celestial admiration was apparent. A light step caught his listening ear, and a figure stepped quickly from the neighboring wood. As Mr. Blivins hurried forward to meet it, the moon fell full upon an upturned face and flashing eyes. In spite of the small belted ulster which enveloped and hid the charming curves of her trim figure; in spite of the stiff sombrero set rakishly above the stacked masses of her blonde hair; in spite of the spurred riding boots that clinked beneath the ulster, and the hands gloved and gauntleted like a cavalier that she extended toward him with a winning frankness—the personality of the wearer betrayed itself even in that uncertain light. It was Mrs. Rutherford.

The editor seized both the welcoming hands in his own eager grasp. He bent over her in the moonlight. Whether his greeting was even more tender than this action might imply, I cannot say; for at that moment, the observant moon veiled herself beneath a drifting cloud. When she reappeared again, the couple were already disappearing among the spicy shadows of the little wood. But in the transient glimpse thus afforded, it was quite apparent that Mr. Blivin's left hand detained one of the fair widow's in his own, and that the belted ulster supported another animated belt, not contemplated by the lady's modiste.

A narrow path wound through the wood along the edge of the bluffs, carpeted thickly with the needles of the pine, and skirting rock and boulder in its dizzy course. A soft twilight possessed the aisles, broken occasionally by silver gleams where the moon slipped softly in and fretted the aromatic floor with arabesque and shadow. A light breeze followed them as they fared on. Oblivious to their surroundings they had reached one of these illuminated spaces, when a man sprang suddenly from behind a boulder and confronted them in the moonlight. As he did so, the light from above fell full upon the face and figure of Aleck MacWhorter.

Mrs. Rutherford, by a quick feminine movement, freed herself from the confining grasp of her companion. She folded her arms and faced the intruder defiantly. MacWhorter gave a mocking laugh.

"It's you, then, Bess, after all?" he said. "I reckoned it must be some greaser from the southern country by thet thar masquerade. Do you reckon it's worth your while to be ruinin' your character by trapesin' round in such company?"

Mrs. Rutherford's reply did not lack vehemence. She tersely expressed her opinion that Mr. MacWhorter was trespassing on matters which did not concern him.

Seeing that remonstrance in that quarter was useless, the editor of the *Boomerang* addressed himself, with jealous criticism, to his rival.

"You're a nice pup to be taking a lady out on the bluffs at this hour of the night," he commented. "I should think ye'd be proud of it—natchully. Step out here in the light, Buck Blivins, and let me get a glimmer of ye. I have as good a mind to lick ye as ever I hed to eat."

The editor needed no second invitation. He strode forward into the narrow path, the action forcing MacWhorter to step backwards toward the edge of the cliff as he did so.

"Now's the time for ye to do it, then, Aleck!" he retorted, doubling his fist.

Something in the other's manner stung MacWhorter to fury. The words were hardly uttered before he struck out blindly and furiously at Blivins; the moon shone full on his flushed face and glittering eyes.

But the editor's blood was up, and he had the additional advantage of being prepared. As his opponent struck, he countered skilfully with his left hand so that the blow passed harmlessly by him, but at the same moment he hit him full between the eyes with his right, springing forward and summoning to the effort all the strength of shoulder and arm. MacWhorter tottered at the blow and reeled backward. He threw up his arms with a convulsive, despairing clutch. The next moment he swayed suddenly to one side and fell heavily over the cliff, his body dragging down with it a small bush that grew on the verge. A shower of sticks and stones, dislodged by his fall, tumbled down the abyss.

The whole thing happened so quickly, that the man and woman left upon the heights could only stare at one another in silent horror. The editor was the first to recover himself. Throwing himself upon his hands and knees, he crawled to the edge of the bluff and looked down. Through the gap torn by the falling bush, the whole bed of the ravine lay revealed in the moonlight. Something was lying down below so dim as to be unrecognizable. He called aloud, sending his voice before him echoing down the rocks. There was no response. He rose to his feet convulsed and trembling.

"Bess," he cried, and his face was white beneath the moon. "There isn't but one thing to be done. I must get back to town for some ropes and a ladder. I'll bring some of the boys and tell 'em all how it occurred. I'm afraid there ain't much use in it, but it's all that's left to do."

He threw out his hands with a sudden despairing gesture and clasped the pale face opposite his own to his heart. For some seconds they remained thus embraced in the moonlight. All at once the woman drew back from him to the full length of her arm and regarded him with an anxious gaze.

"Buck," she said breathlessly, "if he *is* dead, what will become of you?"

The editor met her gaze full in his own. "I don't know, Bess," he said, quietly.

"Then why do you go?" she demanded. "None but ourselves know you did it. Why not let it be supposed that the poor wretch stumbled over the cliff when drunk and irresponsible? Surely there is no need for you to bring down upon yourself unjust retribution for an act done in self-defense!"

For a moment the editor hesitated. In that brief interval the full danger of his position flashed over him; the long feud between MacWhorter and himself; the various acts hostile and retaliatory; the duel on the very ground where the accident occurred—all these facts would tell fatally against him. It would be believed that he had lain in wait for his rival and had pushed him over the cliff. In the eyes of that frank and demonstrative community the act would be regarded as nothing else but murder.

He bent down with hopeless eyes and kissed the fair face that looked into his.

"Don't Bess," he pleaded. "Don't tempt me! It's my duty. I *must* go for help. The poor fellow may be dying while I wait."

A moment later he was hurrying toward the village at the top of his speed.

That night the heights above the dark ravine were peopled by a hurrying throng. Lanterns flashed here and there along the rivulets bed and torches filled the little wood with dancing shadows; while overhead the moon swung low and leaned down with a pale face as if in sympathy. The foremost group upon the ledge were lowering a rope over the dizzy verge.

"Haul away there!" shouted a voice from below.

The men tugged away manfully. Slowly and with difficulty they raised the helpless burden, and lifted it tenderly to a blanket spread beneath the pines. Some one held a torch over the group as the surgeon knelt down and made a hasty examination. The flickering light played fitfully over the ghastly features of the sufferer. He was breathing faintly.

"How is it, Jack?" said the voice of Sheriff Mosely, as the surgeon paused.

"Bad!" replied that worthy, with a professional shrug. "Both thighs broken and a fractured tibia. It's impossible to tell yet what may be his internal injuries, if he doesn't die from the shock. Hurry up there with that stretcher and don't keep me waiting!"

He Mosely had arrested Editor Blivins and confined his person in the Menardville jail to await the result of MacWhorter's injuries. The patient was believed to be in a very bad way. Meanwhile rumor ran riot through the country as to the probable facts of the encounter. The editor's own story was generally believed. A few—among whom was the undertaker above alluded to—were known to express skepticism.

"P'raps you think Aleck was the man to stand still, with both eyes open, and let thet Brady inkslinger knock him over the cliff?" remarked the latter incredulously to Mr. Joseph Treddle, who was noted for his drinking proclivities.

"'Twouldn't hev been sech a heavy contract," replied the alcoholic Joe, "ef MacWhorter was three sheets in the wind at the time he did the knockin'."

Mr. James Wily was known to be solicitous for the welfare of his friend. He was gloomy and reticent among his glasses and decanters.

"I reckon it may go pretty hard with Buck," he suggested to Judge Natchez, as that legal authority demanded refreshment at his genial bar. He stirred the cocktail the judge had ordered with a meditative eye.

"I reckon so," replied his honor, leaning on the polished rail. "Dr. McCorkle says that Aleck seems bound to go."

"I wouldn't mind helpin' the prisoner to the extent of my pile," remarked the gambler cautiously.

The judge drank his beverage slowly. He glanced keenly at Mr. Wily over the rim of his tumbler.

"I'm with you," he said quietly.

Mr. Wily leaned over the bar as he offered the judge a cigar.

"What do you propose?" he said quickly.

"Well," said his honor, "ef I get onto the facts of the case, the widder is the only witness to this yer bizness. No man ain't bound to criminate himself, and *wives can't testify agin their husbands*. Ef we could—"

He glanced around the saloon cautiously; the popular resort was thronged with patrons. Bending forward, he whispered a few words in the ear of the attentive Mr. Wily. A smile of triumph illuminated the pale features of the gambler. He brought his clenched fist down upon the bar with a delight that made the glasses rattle.

"*Done!*" he exclaimed. "Judge, ye're an ornament to the profession you adorn!"

It was almost midnight. The grim court house jail in the plaza at Menardville was bathed in the soft beams of the dominant moon. Save for its barred door and grated windows, it might have been some ancient mission church in that idealizing light, so hushed it stood in the center of the old Spanish square.

The sound of hurrying wheels and the rhythmic hoof-beats of a horse rose suddenly upon the quiet night, as a light wagon, containing three men and a muffled figure, was driven rapidly up the single narrow street of the little frontier town. Reaching the center of the village, it turned at once into the full radiance of the moonlit square. At the foot of one of the grated windows of the court house the driver checked his horse quietly.

A man jumped out at once and stood at the animal's head. The driver handed the reins to the third party, and springing lightly upon the wheel, tapped with the handle of his whip upon the window of the second story, just above his head. Supporting himself from falling with his hand against the stonework, he listened. No reply. Impatiently drawing back the whip-handle, he struck a smart blow through the bars. The crash and jingle of broken glass followed. In an instant a face appeared at the broken pane and a voice exclaimed:

"Hullo, there, what in ——do you fellows want?"

"Oh, Buck!"

"Is that you, Jim?,"

"I reckon."

"What's up?"

"*I am*—up higher than I care to be, and with mighty little foot room!"

A pause, during which Mr. Wily whispered to the muffled figure below him:

"Oh, Buck!"

"Well."

"Have you any objections to doing a little favor for a few of your personal friends: We've got a license and a minister along with us, and we reckoned if you could make out to stand on a chair, or on the footboard of your bed, *we could make the riffle*."

A silence followed this mysterious statement. Finally the voice of Buck Blivins confessed through the broken pane:

"You're too many for me, boys, I don't get your drift."

A hurried conversation in whispers immediately ensued between the face and the man on the wheel. The face nodded empathically once or twice. Mr. Wily cautiously placed one foot against the jail wall, and balancing himself with difficulty succeeded in drawing from his little finger a solitaire diamond of great brilliancy which had long been wont to dazzle his customers in the discharge of his professional duties. With the characteristic recklessness of his calling, the gambler tossed it through the broken window. Then, with a significant wink, he dropped lightly to the ground.

With some careful cramping and backing the wagon was finally placed directly beneath the window. A hand—large and characteristic, even in that uncertain light—stole through the pane anove, and extended a pathetic and lonely welcome in the moonlight. At sight of it the muffled figure sprang at once upon the seat of the wagon and grasped it in both its own. A little worsted hood that covered the head of the figure fell back suddenly and disclosed the bold black eyes and Roman profile of Mrs. Rutherford.

How the minister stood upright in the wagon, the better to read that romantic service; how Judge Natchez patiently held the head of Blue Goose—the restive pacer that punctuated Parson Blackfoot's nasal intonation with his impatient stamping; how the lovers uttered their responses softly in the moonlight, how Mr. James Wily, leaning gracefully on the wagon wheel, gave the bride away with his usual nonchalance; and how, at the critical moment, the hand above slipped on the lady's finger a flashing circlet, were all recorded at great length in the columns of the *Boomerang* and *Bugle*, to the delight of an interested and astonished community.

But, perhaps, the surprise of none was greater than that of Mr. Wily at something which happened six weeks later.

It was in the "Pavilion." Mr. Wily was professionally engaged in dealing. A card that had won repeatedly had been covered with a gold "Eagle," and had won again. The gambler, absorbed in the game, pushed a coin across the table to the winner and turned quietly to his duties.

But his eyes dilated with amazement as a tall figure raised itself with difficulty upon a pair of crutches, and pocketing its winnings stumped pensively through the saloon and out at the green baize door.

"Do you mean to tell me that crippled sand-hill crane thet just left the board was Aleck MacWhorter?" Mr. Wily demanded, laying down his cards.

"I reckon *so*," replied the quiet voice of Judge Natchez, who had dropped in to risk his last retainer. "The boys say the durned shrimp hed laid off quietly to die and make sure of hangin' Buck, but when he read in his own paper how you had euchred him out of his notion, he jest grabbed his crutches, rolled out o' bed, and took a *pasear*. He's give up dyin' and hes been walkin' ever sence."—[Copyrighted. All rights reserved.

MR. AND MRS. JAKE.

A STORY OF NEW YORK LIFE.

BY SIDNEY LUSKA, AUTHOR OF "AS IT WAS WRITTEN," "MRS. PEIXADA," ETC.

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian.]

Jake—his full name was Jacob Smith; but nobody ever called him anything but Jake, except some few, and they called him Smithie—Jake, sir, he boarded with an old widow-lady, of the name of Mrs. Riley, who lived on the top floor of a house in the Bowery, not far above where it's joined by Bleeker street. Jake was a young fellow of 26, a compositor by trade; and just now he had a job in the *Daily Trumpet* office, down on Printing-House square. The consequence was that Jake most generally used to get home along about 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning; though sometimes, if there was an extra rush of work on, he didn't get home till considerably later.

Well, sir, one bitter cold morning in January, '83, Jake was coming home as usual—footing it up the Bowery, and thinking to himself how good he'd feel pretty soon, after he'd got tucked up snug in bed—he was bowling along, as I say, like that, when—just as he reached the corner of Bleecker street, and wasn't more than a rod or two from his journey's end—he seen a woman, sir, a-hanging on to the lamp-post that stands there. Jake didn't take no particular notice of the woman's face; but he judged right off that she must be mighty poor and low down, because the dress she had on was a miserable calico, not thick enough to keep a flea warm in such weather; and then, from the limp way in which she hugged that there lamp post, he supposed she was drunk. Now Jake wasn't no tenderfoot, but if there was one thing on this earth which made him feel kind of disgusted and tired out all over, that thing was to see a woman drunk. So the sight of this woman here rather went against the grain; and he looked the other way, and hurried straight past her, and whipped out his latch key and stuck it into the lock. But before he'd got that key fairly turned and that door opened, all of a sudden Jake's mind misgave him. "What," says he to himself, "what if she weren't drunk, after all?" And with that he recollected how perishing cold it was and how thin and flimsy that dress she had on appeared to be; and he thought of the lateness of the hour, and of how few people were passing, and of how, drunk or sober, the poor creature was a female, like his own mother, anybow; and the first thing he knew, sir, he swung around and marched plump up to where the woman was standing, with the idea of investigating and seeing whether she needed help.

Well, sir, no sooner did Jake get one square glimpse of that woman's face, than his hair rose on end, and he had to catch hard for his breath. Drunk? Don't you believe it. Dying, sir! Hanging on to that lamp post for all she was worth, and dying like a beast there in the public street! I tell you, Jake's heart gave a big jump. Her face was that blue and pinched, and her eyes were that dull and glazed, that he knew for certain that the case was desperate. And she—she kind of sized him up out of the corners of them dull eyes of hers, and says she in a gasp, says she, "I'm sick—very sick,"—which wasn't no news to Jake. He was a good deal flurried and excited and he couldn't help thinking how lucky it was that the notion struck him to turn back. And he couldn't help wondering some, too; for this woman, she wasn't common. That dress she wore was a thin one and a cheap one, and no mistake; but her face and her hair and her hands, they was the face and the hair and the hands of a genuwine lady, as Jake recognized in about one-twentieth of a second; and he couldn't help wondering how a lady like her come to be clinging to a Bowery lamp-post at that hour of a cold winter's night, and dying as fast as she knew how. But Jake didn't ask no questions, and he didn't waste much time standing still, neither. The point that worried him was, what he had better do about it. At first he thought of lugging her around to the station house, and leaving her to the police; but taking it all in all, he didn't entirely favor that plan, on account of the cold and the distance and the chance that she might die in his arms on the way; and besides, it didn't somehow seem just proper for such an out-and-out lady to be left to the police, anyhow. So pretty soon he made up his mind that there was nothing for it but to carry her straight up-stairs to where he boarded, and give her into the charge of Mrs. Riley. Mrs. Riley was right good-hearted; and Jake calculated that she wouldn't object, especially when he'd explained the circumstances to her. So next moment he lifted the woman into his arms, and he tugged and panted and puffed away, till by and by he had her laid out safe in Mrs. Riley's kitchen, near the stove. Then, of course, he began pounding on Mrs. Riley's bedroom door, to wake her up.

Well, sir, Mrs. Riley got herself into some sort of a garment, and she rubbed her eyes, and she come and took a look at the woman, and she listened to Jake's story of how he'd found her and then says she: "Jake, you done just right. And now you run as quick as you know how, and fetch a doctor; and you stop at the station-house and ask them to send an ambulance to take her to the hospital." That's what Mrs. Riley said to Jake and he didn't lose no time about doing it. There was a doctor's office around the corner, in Bleecker street; and Jake toted that doctor out and told him where he was wanted; and then he made tracks for the station-house, and set the sergeant to ringing for an ambulance. When Jake got back home he found the woman lying out on the kitchen floor, as he had placed her, and the doctor bending over her, and Mrs. Riley standing by, with her hands to her lips, looking on.

"Well, Jake," says Mrs. Riley, "is the ambulance coming?"

"Yes, ma'am," says Jake, "leastwise the sergeant, he rung for it."

At which the doctor puts *his* oar in.

"An ambulance?" says he, looking as if he'd split open for the wisdom that was inside of him. "Have you sent for an ambulance?"

"We have, sir," says Mrs. Riley, "to take her to the hospital."

"Excuse me, madam," says the doctor, "but this here woman's life depends upon her not being moved."

"How's that?" says Mrs. Riley.

"If you have her carried to the hospital in an ambulance, she's as good as dead already. If you let her stay here, quiet and comfortable, there's some show of our being able to pull her through. That's how it is," says the doctor.

"If that's so, doctor," says Mrs. Riley, "here she stays, and that's all there is about it."

"Amen," says the doctor. "And now, let's get her into bed."

"Bed?" says Mrs. Riley, "faith, I've got no bed, except my own, and Jake's."

"Well," says Jake, "I'm tough. I can sleep on the floor. Put her in my bed," says he.

"That's talking," says the doctor.

And him and Mrs. Riley, they put her in Jake's bed, whilst Jake, he ran back to the station-house to stop them from sending that there ambulance."

When Jake came home again the doctor had gone away.

"Well, Mrs. Riley," Jake asked, "what did the doctor make out the matter with her to be?"

"The matter," Mrs. Riley answered, "is that she's been beaten by some brute or other; she's black and blue from head to foot; and she hasn't had a morsel of decent food in her stomach since the Lord only knows when; and she's been out in the cold till she's pretty nigh frozen solid; and now she's going to be mortal sick with the fever, and it's a poor chance of her ever getting well. And you and me, Jake, we've got a fine big load on our hands. That's what's the matter," says Mrs. Riley; and them was the truest words she ever spoke in her life.

There ain't no call for me to go into all the particulars of this here business to you, sir. If I was to do so I don't know as I'd get through much before New Year's. It'll be enough when I tell you that for seven weeks that woman lay as sick as death in Jake's bed, and that during the whole of them seven weeks she was gone clear out of her head like a raving idiot. She used to holler and sing and laugh and cry and tear the bedclothes and try to jump out of the window and carry on generally in the crazy fashion people will carry on in when they're down with the fever. Of course she couldn't be left alone a minute. Some one had to be a-watching her and a-guarding her and a-keeping her from making bad enough worse all the time. Poor Mrs. Riley, it was mighty little peace she got, and mighty little sleep. Jake, when he was to home, he used to take her place at the woman's bedside, and do little odd jobs for her around the house, and relieve her every way he could; but from the hour when he went to work to the hour when he got back, Mrs. Riley had to run the shebang by herself; and as she wasn't as young nor so hearty as she had been once, the strain told upon her. The doctor, he come every day; and when things was extra bad he came twice a day. Jake knew that the doctor wasn't doctoring for the good of his health, or because he liked it, and that he'd have to be paid off by somebody some fine day; so Jake, he quit using tobacco and riding in the elevated and going to the theayter on his night off, and he began to save up.

Well, as I say, this state of things went on steady for seven weeks. But at the end of them seven weeks the tide turned, and the woman started getting better. She begun to sleep and to eat, and she grew calm and rational; and the doctor promised that when there was a relapse—which there wouldn't be, if we were careful—he promised that she'd be up and about inside of a month or two at the furthest. At first the doctor wouldn't let her open her mouth for no purpose, except to take in food or medicine; talking was strictly prohibited. But after a while he said she might talk some; and I'll never forget the first talk that she and Jake had together, not if I live to be a hundred. Jake had been sitting in the room with her ever since he reached home, at about 3:45 A. M., and she'd been sleeping. Well, sir, now it was beginning to get light; and Jake, he was looking at her face, pale and delicate there among the pillows, with her fine black hair—which afterwards dropped out, and then grew in again—flowing loose all around—he was looking at her the way I say, and thinking how sort of sad her case was, when all at once she opened her eyes, and she turned 'em slowly from side to side until they lighted on Jake, and then she let them stay there still, and she smiled, and she says in a weak voice and very gently, says she: "Are you—are you Jake?"

"That's my name, ma'am," says Jake.

"Well, then," says she, "Mrs. Riley has told me how you saved my life; and though it was a poor thing and hardly worth saving," says she, "I must thank you; and I must thank you for all the rest of your goodness to me, besides," says she.

Them was the exact words she spoke. That's what she said. And now, sir, that wasn't saying anything very particular, sir, was it? But it made Jake—it made him feel like the confoundedest, silliest fool that ever was born on this here planet. It wasn't *what* she said, so much as *how* she said it, her weak voice and her gentle manner and that smile of hers that touched Jake. But his throat begun to fill up, and his eyes begun to water; and if he hadn't brought the lever down mighty sudden he'd have boo-hooed right out like a first-class baby. But he didn't. He took a good big swallow and gritted his teeth, and, "Don't mention it, ma'am," says he, as light and easy as he could manage.

That, sir, was the whole of their first conversation; and seeing how little there was to it, you might have thought he'd have forgotten all about it in the course of time. But he never did; and to this day, sir, he remembers it just as clear as though it had been only yesterday that it happened.

Well, after that she and him, they talked a good deal together. Whenever Jake wasn't working or sleeping he used to sit there with her in the sick room. Sometimes they'd just stay quiet and say nothing. Sometimes she'd doze off. Sometimes Jake 'ud read aloud to her at her request. She liked to be read aloud to uncommonly. But most generally they'd talk. And they talked about pretty much every subject under the sun, except one, and that one her. She never said nothing about herself; and Jake—though I don't deny he was curious—he never asked no questions, not even her name. He thought to himself whatever she wanted him to know about her, she'd tell him of her own free will; and what she didn't tell him he considered was none of his business. But Mrs. Riley, she felt different. She felt that she had a right to know the woman's name, anyhow. So one day, Jake being present, she up and asked it.

"Excuse me, ma'am," says Mrs. Riley, "but would you be kind enough to tell me and Jake here your name?"

The sick woman, sir, she sort of started and colored up; but then she says, very quiet, says she, "My name is Henrietta?"

"Henrietta what?" asked Mrs. Riley.

Henrietta, she waited a moment, and then she answered: "Henrietta Madge."

Which seemed to satisfy Mrs. Riley, because she said nothing more, and pretty soon she went off.

"I'm called Hetty for short, Jake," said Henrietta, after Mrs. Riley was gone.

Well, time passed along; and Hetty, she got better and better. By and by she was spry enough to sit up a few hours every day in Jake's big easy chair by the window. This was in April; and she'd sit there by the window and sun herself. Then gradually she got still stronger, so that she could sit up there in that chair pretty much all day. And then before long she could move about a little on her feet, from room to room. And finally, one bright day toward the first of May, the doctor says to Jake: "It would do her a heap of good to go out and take a little walk in the fresh air," says he, "the only trouble being about her getting back upstairs."

"Pshaw!" says Jake. "There needn't be no trouble about that. I'll carry her," says he.

And that's what he done. He carried her down, and they walked a little in the sun, she a-leaning on his arm, and most ready to jump out of her skin for the pleasure she took in being clear of the house, and he feeling uncommonly happy too, without exactly knowing the why nor the wherefore—they walked, as I say, a little in the sun, and then Jake, he carried her back up-stairs again. It made his heart beat like a sledge hammer to hold her that way, close against him in his arms; but he kept his own counsel, and she didn't appear to take no notice. When they reached her room she said that she felt rather tired, and she guessed she'd lie down a bit. Jake fetched a shawl to cover her up with; and she went to sleep, whilst he sat near by and watched her, and thought how pretty and sweet she looked, and wondered whether she was dreaming, and if so what about, and kind of hoped, you know that it might be about himself. And then, by and by, she opened her eyes and woke up.

For a while she laid still, looking at the ceiling, and saying nothing. But presently, very soft, "Jake," she calls.

"Yes," says Jake.

"Jake," says she, "how shall I ever thank you and Mrs. Riley enough for all the kindness that you two have done for me?" says she.

"Oh," says Jake, "that ain't nothing."

"I was thinking of that, Jake," says she, "because now that I am strong enough to walk out-doors, I must get ready to go away."

Jake, he gives a jump. "Go away!" says he, "go away! What do you want to go away for?"

"Why," says she, "I've been a burden upon you and Mrs. Riley too long already; and now that I'm able, I must go away, and not be a burden to you no longer."

"Burden be hanged!" cried Jake. But then he says: "Excuse me. I didn't mean to be rough." And then he asked, as calm as he could keep: "Where are you going to?"

"I don't know!" says she.

"Don't know!" says Jake, losing his calmness. "Then you sha'n't go at all."

"Oh, but I must, Jake," says she.

"Must or not, you sha'n't," cried Jake. "I mean that I can't let you. I can't live without you. If you *go*, I follow. If you go, I—I—I—" But he couldn't get no further. He broke down.

She, sir, she looked sort of surprised, and she opened them eyes of hers, and she give a little tremble, and "Oh, Jake," she says, "don't talk like that, Jake," and she burst out crying as if her heart would break.

Jake, he hurried over to where she was laying, and he tried hard to bring her around. He told her that he never meant to hurt her feelings, nor to make her cry; and he begged her to forgive him his common ways; and he said how he loved her, and how it would break him up like dynamite to have her go away. He said he knew he was no great shakes, being nothing but a compositor, and she a genuwine lady; and yet, said he, he loved her tenderly, he did, and he couldn't help asking her do be his wife. And then he went on a-trying to soothe her, and stop her crying, which she had been doing steady ever since she first started in at it.

Well, at last she stopped. She stopped her crying, and she looked up at him with her big eyes, and "Jake," says she, "you're good, you're very good, Jake; and you make me feel awful bad, as though I had been deceiving you. But now, Jake, I must tell you the honest truth, and the whole of it," says she; "and then you'll see that you don't want such as me for your wife, Jake, and you'll agree that it's better for me to go away. Are you ready to listen, Jake?" says she.

"Go ahead. I'm ready," says Jake.

And she begun.

What was it that she told, Jake? Never you mind. She talked for some time steady; and Jake, he sat still, a-driving his nails into his flesh, and a-grinding his teeth till he nearly broke 'em, he sat still and listened; but what she told him he never repeated to a living being, and you take my word for it, he never will. But when she'd got done, Jake's eyes was as wet as water; and Jake he rose to his feet, and he bent over, and he put out his hand and took hold of hers with it, and he gulped down something that was sticking in his throat, and says he. "Hetty," says he, and then he stopped for another gulp, and then. "Hetty," says he again, "Hetty, there's bigger scoundrels in this world than I'd ever have believed, though I knew it was pretty bad. That's all I've got to say, Hetty, except this, that I love you a thousand times better now than I did before you begun to speak, Hetty, and I ask you again to be my wife."

To cut a long story short, sir, in the morning of the 21st of May, 1883, Jake and Hetty, with Mrs. Riley for bridesmaid, they went to the church around in Houston street and they was married.

Well, sir, the first few months of this married life slid away as smooth as if they was oiled. Jake earned forty cents a thousand in the *Trumpet* office; and on that they managed to get along right comfortable. They calculated that they might as well have a home to themselves; so they bade good-bye to Mrs. Riley, and they hired a floor over on Second avenue, near Sixth street, and they set up house-keeping. Jake, he bought some furniture with the money that he'd saved—for I mustn't forget to tell you about that there doctor, that it turned out as how he *had* been a-doctoring for the good of his health after all; leastwise, when Jake started to settle with him, at first he swore black and blue that he wouldn't charge nothing, nor accept nothing, and then finally he give in to the extent of taking fifteen dollars; so that Jake was left with about seventy-five dollars in his pocket—Jake, he bought some furniture, second-hand but solid; and Hetty, she done the housework, though I'm not ashamed to say that Jake used to whip off his coat, when he was to home, and help her with it; and on the whole, they was as happy as clams at low tide. I ain't got the time to tell you all the different things they done; but I'll just remark that it didn't matter much what they done—so long as they done it together, they found pleasure in it. Now, for instance, you might think that they'd have enjoyed going to the theayter on Jake's off night, more than they would sweeping up the kitchen-floor in company, or washing dishes. But that's where you'd make a big mistake. Washing dishes, Jake discovered, was one of the most enjoyablest occupations that he'd ever put his hand to, providing Hetty, she stood by and done it with him. The fact is, you see, that these two pesons thought such a heap of each other, and that it made them feel so uncommon good just to be close by each other, that they didn't feel the need of no extras in the way of entertainment. But, as I say, I ain't got the time to go into all this. The point I'm driving at is this, that their happiness held out for the whole of that summer, and somewhat beyond it; and then, without no more warning than this here thump I give the table, sir, it came to an end, and their trouble began. For Jake, sir, he went blind. Yes, blind. One night in October he was a-working at his case in the *Trumpet* office, setting brevier, when—hey, presto, kerflunk!—the first thing he knew, there fell a blackness before his eyes, just exactly as if he'd shut them—which he hadn't, for they was open wide—and Jake, he stood still there, scared to death, and his heart a-beating as if it would bust, and he wriggled his lids, and he rubbed 'em; but for all his wriggling and rubbing, he couldn't see his hand in front of his face, no more than he could if all the lights in the composing-room had suddenly been doused. And it wasn't strange that he couldn't neither; for next day, at the eye and ear dispensary, he found out that he'd got paralysis of the optic nerve.

Well, now, I'll leave it to you, sir, if this wasn't a pretty kettle of fish. Without the use of his eyesight I'd just like to have it explained how Jake was to go on earning forty cents a thousand setting type. And, as Jake didn't have no coupons to cut off, I'd like to have it explained at the same time how, without them forty cents a thousand, he was to pay his rent and buy his food. I guess you'll have to admit, sir, that things was in a desperate bad way.

The important part of the story I'm a-telling you is the ending of it; and there ain't no need for me to delay over the consequences that followed upon Jake's going blind. I sha'n't stop to give you the particulars of what the doctors at the dispensary said and done, nor to explain how little by little Jake and Hetty got so poor that they come to live in the House o' Horrors. Remembering that Jake was stone-blind, you can put two and two together and fill in the space that I'll leave blank. The fact is that on the second day of January, 1884, with what few goods and chattels they hadn't got rid of at the pawn-shop, they took up their residence in a small room on the sixth floor of the House o' Horrors, for which they was to pay four dollars and a half a month. You don't know much about the House o' Horrors, sir, I reckon; and it's lucky for you you don't. I suppose it was the biggest tenement house in the city of New York, and by a long shot the worst. It was situated down on Roosevelt street and was big enough to accommodate 216 families, all

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COURT RULES.

Following is the full text of the rules adopted last week by the state circuit court, department No. 1, and afterwards revised. The subjoined is an exact copy of the rules as they now stand:

MOTIONS AND MOTION DAY.

Rule 1—Each Saturday during the term shall be motion day, and the same is set apart for the hearing of motions and issues of law and setting causes for trial, except when such day shall be necessarily occupied in the transaction of other business, and decisions on motions and issues of law will be rendered on the morning of each Wednesday and Saturday.

Rule 2—A motion book shall be kept and all motions and issues of law shall be heard in the order in which they shall be set down on the motion book, unless it shall be otherwise ordered by the court. When any motion or issue of law is reached for hearing in its regular order, and neither party thereto shall appear, the same shall be denied or overruled.

Rule 3—No motion or issue of law shall be heard on any motion day, except by consent of the parties, unless the same shall have been entered on the motion book at a date not later than 12 o'clock M. of the Wednesday next preceding the motion day for which the case is set down.

Rule 4—No motion or issue of law shall be placed on the motion book for hearing except by the clerk. The clerk shall enter any motion or issue of law on the motion book on oral application by the party desiring to have the same set for hearing.

Rule 5—The entry of a motion or issue of law on the motion book shall show the date of the entry, the title of the cause, the names of the attorneys of both parties, the nature of the issue and at whose instance set down.

Rule 6—No motion or demurrer shall be heard at the instance of the party by whom the same is made or filed within three days after the service of copy of the same except by special order.

Rule 7—Motions of course and motions for extension of time may be heard each morning on the coming in of the court after the reading of the journal.

PLEADINGS.

Rule 8—In addition to what is required by section 524 of the code, all complaints, answers and replications must be written on "legal cap" paper, and the pages thereof numbered and the lines on each page numbered consecutively from the beginning to the end thereof, and upon all pages filed in a cause the register number of the case must be endorsed.

Rule 9—On the first paper filed in this court in any cause, the clerk shall, before filing the same, endorse the register number of the cause to which it belongs; and likewise on request of the party presenting the same endorse such registered number on every subsequent paper filed in the cause.

COPIES AND SERVICE THEREOF.

Rule 10—Copies of all papers filed in a cause must be served on the attorney of the adverse party, wherever such party has appeared by attorney, or if a party appears in person, then on such party, and no motion or demurrer shall be heard except by consent of parties, unless copy thereof shall have been served and any motion or demurrer on the files without service of copy thereof may be stricken therefrom on the oral motion of the opposite party.

Rule 11—All copies of complaints, answers and replications served shall be exact copies of the originals filed, as to the wording, as to number and numbering of the lines and words on each line.

AFFIDAVITS.

Rule 12—In all cases where affidavits shall be filed to be used on the hearing of any motion, the opposite party shall have three days after the filing of the same in which to file counter affidavits, unless such time shall, by special order made by the court, be enlarged or shortened. No affidavit shall be filed in any such case except those in chief by the moving party; counter affidavits by the adverse party, and affidavits in rebuttal of such counter affidavits. All affidavits filed in chief, in support of any motion, shall be filed at the same time such motion is filed, unless otherwise especially ordered by the court or judge.

TRIAL CALENDAR.

Rule 13—A trial calendar shall be kept, on which shall be placed by the clerk all cases as soon as at issue upon questions of fact, on the oral application of either party.

Rule 14—Causes on the trial calendar shall be called in their order and set for trial or otherwise disposed of; but any case may be taken out of its order and set for trial by consent of the parties or on three days' notice to the opposite.

REFEREE'S REPORTS.

Rule 15—The report of a referee in any cause shall not be confirmed by the court, except upon written motion duly filed and served upon the attorneys of the adverse party, if such adverse party have appeared in the cause, and in all cases the adverse party shall have five days after the filing and service upon him of a motion to confirm the report of a referee, within which to file his exceptions to such report, but either party may at any time after the filing of the report of the referee, and before the filing of a motion to confirm, file his exceptions thereto, such exceptions in all cases to be served upon the adverse party as a motion.

AGREEMENTS.

Rule 16—No agreement between the parties or their attorneys, concerning any proceeding before this court, will be regarded or enforced unless the same is made in open court and noted by the judge of the court, his minutes, or reduced to writing and subscribed by the party or attorney to be bound thereby.

TAKING PAPERS FROM FILES.

Rule 17—No record or paper belonging to the files of the court shall be taken from the office or custody of the clerk by any person; provided, that a referee may receive and use the original papers belonging to a cause referred, and the attorneys for either party may receive and use for a period not exceeding six days, the testimony reported by a referee in a cause referred, upon special order of the court or judge.

Rule 18—When an answer shall be filed in term time the demurrer, motion or reply thereto as the case may be, must be filed within four days after service of copy of the answer, and the time therefor, in all such cases, is hereby enlarged to four days.

ATTORNEY AS WITNESS.

Rule 19—If any attorney or counsel shall offer himself as a witness and give evidence upon the merits for his client in the trial of any cause, he shall not be permitted to argue the cause to the court or jury except upon agreement of the adverse counsel, or upon permission given by the court.

THE PORTLAND FREE KINDERGARTEN.

Having visited the three schools on the second and third days of their re-opening, I was agreeably surprised with their appearance, especially in respect of neatness.

When we first began to bring the little ones into our gardens, nearly two years ago, we found washbowls and towels almost as necessary as the teacher herself, but to-day there was not even one in need of such attention, although more than half of the seventy children were new. To be sure they are mostly the younger brothers and sisters of last year's pupils. However, that only shows that what they have learned has been passed on to the still younger ones, or perhaps passed up to the older members of the family, in which indirect way we always hope to do good.

We aim to teach neatness, order and politeness; in other words, kindness, such as we are taught by the "Golden Rule." In all their games they are taught to prefer one another. The little one who is the "helper" leaves her own state or work until the last. I have never seen one of them make such a mistake twice, which all those who know the naive selfishness of children will consider a triumph worth winning.

As for order they are taught it in many little ways. Order is taught in such an attractive way, that it soon becomes second nature. But to those who visit the public schools, I wish to say they must not expect that rigid rule which makes a whispering a crime, a laugh a deed worthy a frown or, say it softly, a *shake*). We have no law but the law of love and gentle firmness, for our children are but babies of from three to six years. I wish we could keep them one year longer.

As the teacher is always soft spoken, the children soon learn to be quiet that they may hear what she says. As she is gentle with them, they are ashamed to be rough with each other. Children are natural imitators of those in authority over them. Alas that it is so.

Our third school, the one in Watson's addition, is supported by special contributions. We were desirous of having a school in that locality, but only had money enough to carry on the two schools, so we hit upon the plan of asking several persons each to give us five dollars per month, which as we had the room for nothing, would pay the teacher's salary. Among us we found six benevolent persons, but there we came to a standstill, the seventh was not forthcoming, when I bethought me of asking the use of it of the OREGONIAN, with the result of the very next day receiving the first month's pay and the promise of a continuance of the same, from a gentleman whom we had not thought of asking. The OREGONIAN can here make a note of the usefulness of advertising. Since then we have gotten along, in a kind of from hand-to-mouth sort of way, to be sure, but then we expect nothing better.

But now we want something more, which I have faith to believe will be granted.

For our 6 o'clock garden we have a house, which we hire by the month, and there was one given us for the school in South Portland, but the school in Watson's addition has never had any. It goes without saying that a house is a necessity when you wish to teach quiet in time. We do not want a "Steinway Grand," but will be thankful for the use of one which you think "one used to best days;" but when you visit the garden, which I hope you will often) and hear the sweet voices singing, and the little feet "keeping time, keeping time," you will find the old piano has renewed its youth, and its best days are its last.

And speaking of time, every time I see our teachers they ask me when they are to have a clock. I do not know, I tell them, for the treasurer scowls at me when I suggest anything of the kind. "They say" you can buy a clock for a dollar and a half, and suggest I might give a hint to my jeweler, which sounds to us like sarcasm, as my shopping does not lie in that line. If it were shoes, now,——

However, perhaps some one whom I have not the honor of knowing would like to dispose of *their* surplus time-pieces. If we have one, we must have three, for we have no favorites among our schools.

I do sincerely hope we shall be able to have that law passed or altered, or something done to it to enable us to connect our schools with the public schools, and *soon*, so you dear people will pay all your taxes together, without being teased all the time for more by us. Of course I know you like to give, for you say so, but we do not like to ask, and would not were we not commanded to care for the "little ones."

As for the piano, I am afraid I have not clearly expressed myself. We only want some one of you to pay for the *hire* of it, not to give us one out and out. If you will drop me a postal card in regard to it, or the clerks, we will take all the trouble of seeing them safely delivered.

SECRETARY,
Portland Free Kindergarten,
240 Washington St.

REAL ESTATE.

The following special report of the real estate market is furnished THE OREGONIAN by J. Fred Clark, real estate agent and auctioneer:

The past week's business, as shown by the county records, exhibits no transaction of special importance. The deeds, however, number thirty-three, amounting to $18,093 26, as compared with twenty-four deeds and $31,161 50 the corresponding week of last year. The mortgages of the last week number eleven, amounting to $23,465 63 and the releases twenty-two and $36,871 79. The following is a condensed statement of the last six weeks' business:

	Deeds.	Amount.
Transfers	65	$278,481 00
Mortgages	81	164,307 05
Releases	38	368,941 89

An item from Walla Walla mentions the fact of fifty-five grain-laden cars, drawn by one engine, leaving that city for Portland during the past week. Allow me to suggest to the boasters of the towns of the Sound the following query: "How many cars grain laden will one engine be able to draw over the Cascade division of the Northern Pacific when completed?" If they are doubtful of a suitable answer I refer them to Mr. Villard's speech, made four years ago at Walla Walla, when he stated what every engineer and sensible business man knows to be true "that the heavy transfer between eastern Oregon and Washington, owing to the expense of hauling, must and would be always done through the natural pass of the Columbia river."

The building of the Morrison street bridge, now in active progress, is giving an impetus to East Portland properties. But for the indolent carelessness of property owners we should have had, despite the opposition of interested ferry owners, several bridges, including a free county bridge, long ere this, to the infinite benefit of both sides of the river.

Following are the transfers recorded last week:

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 4.

West Portland Homestead Association to Geo. Manser, part of tracts N and M, Grover's add.....$ 800 00

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.

Thomas Strahan and wife to G. and R. T. Peterson, 10 acres, sec 5, 1 S, 2 E..... 1,100 00
E. J. Sprague and wife to Geo. Landford, lot 1, blk 5, Carter's, E. P..... 100 00
Mary E. McGowen to M. O'Malley, S ½ lot 5, blk 43, Holladay's..... 300 00
M. C. Humphrey to H. M. Humphrey, tract in sec 8, 1 S, 1 E..... 350 00
Hugh Martin and wife to R. A. Osfeld, 20 acres, sec 20, 1 S, 1 E..... 1,200 00

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7.

O. & C. R. R. Co. to J. S. Keller, 360 acres, sec 15, 2 N, 2 W..... 630 00
E. O. Bond and wife to I. D. Clampet, six acres, sec 8, 1 S, 2 E, blk 12, Belmont Park, U. S. to J. S. Keller, 160 acres, S 14, 1 N, 2 W..... 615 92
W. Morton and wife to John Andrew, lot 2, blk 10, Homestead Ass'n..... 650 00
J. B. Stephens and wife to E. D. Anderson et al, lots 11, 12, blk 110, Stephens's E. P..... 600 00
E. D. Anderson et al, to Emma Johnson, lot 12, blk 110, Stephens's E. P..... 425 00
E. D. Anderson and wife to P. Olson, ½ lot 11, blk 110, Stephens's E. P..... 1 00
E. F. and M. C. Gilham to G. W. Stafford, 2-100 acres, sec 32, 1 N, 2 E..... 83 34
J. W. Cook to Mrs. A. Metsker, 100x160 ft N E cor Market and Thirteenth sts, city..... 2,350 00
R. B. Wilson et al, to Anna Schafer, lot 8, blk 311, Couch..... 600 00

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

F. Strobel to Geo. Flavel, lots 1 to 12, blk 14, lots 1 to 4, 9, 10, City View add, E. P..... 1,000 00
C. W. Frush & wf to R. Scott, S ¼ lot 6, blk 120, city..... 2,950 00
John Kenworthy & wf to C. F. Mondenhall, lots 7, 8, blk 6, Kenworthy's E. P..... 500 00
E. F. Lewis to P. N. Shurtleff, ½ 8 acres, sec 15, 1 N, 1 E..... 300 00
F. J. Miller & wf to Sarah M. Tanner, lot 6, blk 10, McMillan's..... 400 00
J. K. Kelly & wf to J. C. Randolph, 1-9 of W ½ D. Balch D. L. C..... 1 00
F. W. Bingham & wf to J. C. Randolph, same as above..... 100 00
J. G. Chapman to F. W. Bingham, same..... 100 00

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.

Wm. Barnes & wf to Chas. Lydia Barnes, 155 acres, sec 30, 32, 1 N, 1 E..... 600 00
Chas. Barnes & wf to Wm. & Elizabeth Barnes, 5½ acres, sec 31, 32, 1 N, 1 E..... 800 00
W. F. Frelyman & husband to D. L. Frelyman, W 22 ft of W ½ of E ½, lot 4, blk 104, E. P..... 1,620 00
M. J. Hensil to S. M. Hensil, lot 5, blk 137, city..... —

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.

H. B. Oatman, & wf to Bridget O'Neill, lot 21, blk 1, Smith's E. P..... 140 00
Sellwood Real Estate Co. to Wm. McFall, lot 5, blk 7, lots 1 to 6, blk 15, lots 2 to 7, blk 32, lots 6 to 17, blk 55, lots 2, 3, 4, 5, 18, blk 72, lot 14, blk 88, lots 7, 16, 17, 18, blk 90, Sellwood..... 1 00
J. T. Hughes to T. Shannon, lots 3, 4, 5, blk 7, Logan's..... 375 00
Mrs. L. J. Hill to same, same property..... 1 00
Clayton & Oliver to S. M. Hensil, assignment of lease to lot 5, blk 137, city..... 500 00

DISTRIBUTION OF DEEDS.

	Deeds.	Amount.
Deeds of transfer	35	$18,093 26
Mortgages	11	23,465 63
Releases	22	36,871 79

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NEW MAN AT ROSSMERE. By Mrs. J. H. Walworth. New York, Cassell & Co. For sale by W. B. Ayer & Co.

This is a story of the South after the war and during what is termed the reconstruction period. The plot is laid upon the borders of a beautiful lake in Arkansas, some miles from the Mississippi river, but not far enough to escape the disastrous overflows which come from the Father of Waters during its spring floods. The hero of the story is new man at Rossmere, who was a Northern soldier, who had drifted down there after the war. The heroine is the widow of a Confederate soldier. But a dozen other characters come and go upon the pages, exciting almost as much interest in the mind of the reader as the the two leading characters. The writing especially excels in fine character delineation. The charm of the writing is its naturalness. They are all human and real, and the good and bad of each is allowed to crop out in an easy kind of way which bears all the marks of real history and biography. Old Squire Thorn is just such a rebel as was everywhere to be found. Mrs. Southmead is a fair example of the uncompromising hostility of Southern women, who had lost all and refused to see anything good in the Yankee race. The colored people who are introduced exemplify the traits of the race, while the carpet-bagger comes in for a good basting. It is, in fine, one of those well-written books, so evenly balanced, and strikes so squarely at follies and at evil that one will be read with as much interest in one second as the other. This admirable fairness and exact justice of the author make the book a good instructor to people with prejudices, and while instruction well circulated to lighten great truths is a charming love story, carries with it instruction well circulated to lighten great truths forcibly upon the minds of its readers. Whoever opens the book and takes in a chapter will regret to lay it down, and even be sorry at its ending.

ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY.

The following new books have been received and added to the Library association of Portland during the week:

Face to Face: a novel. By Robert Grant.

The New Man at Rossmere. By Mrs. J. H. Walworth.

The Miscellanies of Cyril. Literally translated into English prose, with copious notes and explanations, by Henry P. Riley, B. A.

Cæsar's Commentaries of the Gallic and Civil Wars, with the supplementary books attributed to Hirtius, including the Alexandrian, African and Spanish wars, literally translated, with notes and a very elaborate index.

Terentius. Literally translated from the text of Bach, with geographical and general index, by Henry Cary, M. A.

The Orations of Marcus Tullius Cicero. Literally translated by C. D. Yonge, B. A. Four volumes.

The Metaphysics of Aristotle. Literally translated from the Greek, with notes, analysis, questions and index, by John H. McMahon.

Aristotle's Ethics. With notes, original and selected, an analytical introduction and questions, for the use of students, by E. W. Browne.

The History of the Pacific States. By Hubert H. Bancroft. Volume IV, California: volume 5 1848-1858.

Lives of the Twelve Cæsars. By C. Suetonius Tranquillus. To which are added his Lives of the Grammarians, Rhetoricians and Poets. The translation of Alexander Thomson, revised and corrected by T. Foster, Esq., A. M.

Aphrodite; a romance of ancient Hellas. By Ernest Eckstein. From the German, by Mary J. Safford.

The Great Conspiracy, its Origin and History. By John A. Logan.

Gloria Victis; a romance. By Ossip Schubin. From the German, by Mary Maxwell.

John Parmelee's Curse. By Julian Hawthorne.

McCarty's Annual Statistician, 1886.

Taras Bulba. By Nickolai Vasilivitch Gogol. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood.

A Vital Question, or What is to be Done? By Nickolai Tchernuishesesky. Translated from the Russian by Nathan Haskell Dole and S. S. Skidelsky.

Morley's Universal Library: Popular Songs of Ireland; collected by Thomas Crofton Crocker. Life of Cardinal Wolsey; by George Cavendish.

Childhood, Boyhood, Youth. By Count Lyof N. Tolstoi. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. (Presented to the Library association by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Wastar Morris.)

History of the Book of Common Prayer, with an explanation of it offices and rubrics. By Rev. C. M. Butler.

The Comprehensive Church. By the Rt. Rev. Thomas H. Vail, D. D.

The Unexpected Which Happens.

One of the effects of the recent earthquake has been to make people who work in the upper stories of high buildings somewhat uneasy. I have heard several men declare recently that they would not do business in the top of these sky-scraping buildings. Of course it is only exercising a proper degree of prudence to provide as well as we may against known dangers. But after all it rarely happens that one dies from the thing which he feared, and specially guarded against. The French proverb, "It is the unexpected which happens," has no better illustration than in the manner in which people meet their death. An Englishwoman traveling in this country recently was pricked by a needle buried in the pillow of her bed at a hotel, and from the effects of this slight wound she died.

Yet her death was not more strange, or more impossible to have been foreseen and guarded against, than are the deaths of many people every day. Ibrel Harte, in an exquisite little poem of three verses, expresses this idea with rare beauty and condensation. It is something like this: The sea is stormy; the man fears to go out in the tossing boat. An earthquake swallows up the sea on land, while those in the boat escape unharmed.

THE BRIDGE OF THE GODS.

The brickmakers of Charleston have gained a notoriety that is far from enviable by their action in advancing wages to $6 a day. This was done when the city lay in ruins from the effect of an earthquake and the people stood appalled at the magnitude of the disaster which had befallen them. It was apparent that a great deal of bricklaying would be required in Charleston, and that it was a favorable time to advance wages, although people were never so ill able to pay even the former price as they were then.

There does not appear to be much difference between the methods of coal rings, labor rings, railroad rings or other rings when they catch the community at a disadvantage, and can practice without resistance any scheme of greed or extortion.

According to the annual report of the Salvation army's operations in London, there are about 8000 "soldiers," exclusive of those in the training home, working in the metropolis, and it is claimed that during the year ended April 30 last 10,000 souls were saved. The week in Marylebone has been very successful, although the Salvationists have received very rough treatment. The report says: "Our lasses' dresses have been torn from their bodies; our girl officers had to lead their corps to victory with black eyes."

A certain Parisian always carries a well-filled pincushion in his pocket, and hence enjoys among the fair sex the reputation of being a most obliging man. Ladies are always asking: "Does any one happen to have a pin?" and he is invariably able to meet the demand. As a pin might seem friendship, however, the lady that needs one tenders in exchange two or three sous, and C. thus averages an addition of 50 for 60f a month to his income.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.
WM. T. COLEMAN & CO., Agts., San Francisco.

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25 YEARS IN USE.
The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age
SYMPTOMS OF A
TORPID LIVER.
Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fulness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and
CONSTIPATION.
TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer
They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price, 25c. 44 Murray St., N. Y.
A
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

GARRISON'S

Sewing Machine Store
167 Third st., Portland
Agency for Domestic, Household, White, American, & many other Sewing Machines. Come and see us or send for circulars.
Satisfaction Guaranteed
JOHN P. GARRISON, Prop.

BISHOP SCOTT GRAMMAR SCHOOL.
J. W. HILL, M. D., Head Master.
A BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS, special instruction by teachers, all Yale graduates, and four acres of ground. Boys fitted for college or business. Boys of all ages and degree of advancement received. Young boys admitted. Special advantages are offered to the social and intellectual training of boys. School founded in 1870. Fifth year under present management begins September 7.
For catalogue containing list of references and former pupils, address
J. W. HILL, M. D.,
Drawer 17, Portland, Or.

Good News to Ladies.
GREATEST INDUCEMENT EVER OFFERED. Now is your time to get up your orders for our celebrated TEAS and COFFEES and secure a handsome Decorated Tea Set; one given with every $10 order. We give a handsome present to each purchaser, from $5 up. Send for circular with prices list and full particulars. Great Eastern Tea Company, 200 First st., Portland, Or., the largest Tea and Coffee dealers on the coast—3 stores in successful operation.

ATKINSON'S

200, 202, 204, 206 First St reet, and 6 Tay lor Street.

VOL. 26.—NO. 8216.

One Price to All!

We respectfully announce to the [illegible] have added another bran

Wholesale De

And in connection with our New York House, [illegible] us to buy goods from the manufactur among Easte n manufacturers TO SELL TO retail department will hereafter be supplied by Our p chases or d s f ll and winter season, partment has been s ocked up to its full capacity

We are the only House in Orego

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public that we opened the Fall Season on Mon ch to our establishment, No. 206, and joins

partment of the

No. 472 Broadway, gives us such facilities as we ers. This does away with the Commission Mer WHOLESALE HOUSES ONLY. We now stand our wholesale hou e, and at quotations that will amounting to over ONE HUNDRED AND FIF TY THOUSAND DOLLARS, is the largest that

n conducting business on TRUE goods s ld at the prices

Farmers' and Me

day, September 6th, and in so doing we are ple our other Departments through an archway.

chanics' Store.

have long desired and now obtained. Namely: chant, the New York wholesaler and the jobber, on the same footing as the largest commission enable us to sell goods at retail for less money TY THOUSAND DOLLARS, is the largest that

LEGITIMATE PRINCIPLES. W we advertise them for.

seed to inform our friends that we The new branch will be the

To purchase our goods in such quantities and BEAR IN MIND that it is a [illegible] house in New York, Chicago or Boston than our competitors in Portland can buy has ever been brought to Portland.

hat we advertise we have

OUR DRY GO

Under the supervision of Mr. S. L. Kafka, assis

ODS DEP'TM'T.

ted by Mr. R. L. Jordee and Mr. F. D. Wrinkle.

We will place on sale in this department during this season at marvelously low prices the following:

Silks.

[illegible]

Special Attention.

[illegible]

Special Attention.

[illegible]

Special Attention.

[illegible]

Velveteens.

[illegible]

Flannel Department.

[illegible]

Blankets.

[illegible]

Red Flannels.

[illegible]

Special Attention.

[illegible]

Black Dress Goods Department.

[illegible]

Special Attention.

[illegible]

Colored Dress Goods.

[illegible]

Satins.

[illegible]

Special Attention.

[illegible]

Ladies' Cloth.

[illegible]

Special Attention.

[illegible]

Domestic Department.

[illegible]

Flannels.

[illegible]

Comforters.

[illegible]

Lace Curtain Department.

[illegible]

Lace Curtain Nets.

[illegible]

Special Attention.

[illegible]

Shawl Department.

[illegible]

Fancy Goods Department.

[illegible]

Check Flannels.

[illegible]

Tweed and Cassimeres.

[illegible]

Domestic Department—Table Damask.

[illegible]

Jeans and Cotto nades.

[illegible]

Hosiery Department.

[illegible]

Special Attention.

[illegible]

Jerseys.

[illegible]

Special Attention.

[illegible]

Special Prices.

[illegible]

Special Attention.

[illegible]

Special Prices

[illegible]

Special Attention.

[illegible]

Special Attention

[illegible]

OUR CLOAK DEPARTM'T.

Under the supervision of Mr. Sol. Jacoby, cloakmaker by profession, and assisted by Mrs. [illegible] son, and new and desirable goods. We NEVER as was the case last year. OUR PRICES FOR

E. M. Prager. This department has been en hold over any stock in this department. We CLOAKS:

[illegible]

larged, therefore it is an established rule MARK our cloaks at such prices that it is

OUR BOOT & S

Under the supervision of Mr. R. B. Power. We are the only house in the city that confines them con factories wher only white and skilled labor is employed. We are agents for the Pacific Morse & Roger Hand Sewed, Morse & Rogers Soudan, Morse & Rogers Cork Sole. We have Common Sens Goods for Ladies, Misses and Children. We would be pleased to have you

HOE DEP'TM'T.

ask our foreman of the shoe department to show

serves to goods made by WHITE and SKILLED Coast and Washington Territory for the Morse succeeded in getting the agency on this coast

LABOR ONLY, direct from New Tat & Rogers Button, Morse & Roger for the Boland & Spiney Hand you the Holand & Spiney shoe.

[illegible]

Under the supervision of Mr. H. M. Prager, as

OUR CLOTHI

sisted by Mr. M. Obst. This department has son, 1886-87, second to none in the city. Our

NG DEP'TM'T.

been stocked with a class of Men's, Boys' and Men's Suits from $12 50 to $22 50 we guarantee,

[illegible]

Youth's Clothing for the Fall and Win

[illegible]

TREES! TREES!

202, 204 and 206 First St., and 6 Taylor St.

"STANDARD" CHAMBERLIN CARTRIDGES

The Best and Cheapest
for Gun Ammunition
$300.00
CASH PRIZES
WILL BE CONTESTED FOR
AT
City View Park
[illegible], September 21

Steamer "Sellwood" leaves Washington at 7, 9 and 11 A. M. and 2:40 P. M.
Admission to Park, 25c. Shooters Free.
For further information apply to
B. LAMBERSON.
No. 7 Stark Street.
General Agent for the Manufacturers, Selby Smelting and Lead Co.

WILLIAM BECK & SON.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Guns & Sporting Goods
C. Smith's, Parker's, Remington's, International & Ithaca Gun Co's
BREECH-LOADING SHOTGUNS.
Colt, Winchester, Ballard, Marlin
REPEATING RIFLES.
CHAMBERLAIN MACHINE-LOADED CARTRIDGES.
FINE FISHING TACKLE.
165 and 167 SECOND ST.

Grain Bags
FLOUR SACKS, TWINES,
HOP BAGGING,
KILN CLOTH,
TENTS.
V. C. NOON & Co.
20 AND 22 NORTH FRONT ST.,
PORTLAND OR.

MACHINERY
AUTOMATIC ENGINE. MILL, RAILWAY AND MACHINISTS' TOOLS.
CLARKE & LACY
66 N. Front St., Portland, Or.

PIPER HEIDSICK AND PIPER SEC CHAMPAGNE.
THE A. P. HOTALING CO.
Sole Agents Northwest Coast.

Notice to Ship-owners, Merchants and Captains,
All we will Discharge and Load Ships at $7 50 Per Ton from August 15th, 1886.
R. LEMON & CO.
Stevedores and Ship Brokers,
Foot of Ankeny st.

ROCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS.
THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.
FOR SALE AT A SACRIFICE!
Sash, Blind, Door and Furniture Factory and Planing Mill,
[illegible]
MILLER & SCHOFIELD.

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